

SHANGHAIING OF LITTLE WELSH

BY S. TEN EYCK BOURKE AND CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE



It Was too Late. He Was Jammed Against the Rail by the Fighting Crowd.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a barrel o' beef;
I went to Taffy's house, when Taffy was in bed—
I up with a broomstick and hit 'im on the head.



LITTLE TOM WELSH, expatriated gunfirer of Ships Bottom Life Saving Station and gold medal man of Barnegat wrecking beach, sat in the morning sun, astraddle the bow of a capsized dory on the fish wharf of Fire Island village, beating a tattoo with his fists and crooning a swansong to Fate and an unfeeling world. He was far from home, he was broke, he had been jilted. He faced his finish callously. Past, present, and future all conspired against him. Even the flower in his reefer was faded and blue, like his uniform coat, minus its regulation numeral "1," official insignia of the U. S. life saver, worn hitherto,

like his heart, on his sleeve.

"Better for me if I'd kept my number on an' stayed to home with the boys," he said with scornful introspection, "stead of comin' a courtin' incogneeto, proud an' 'aughty as a Dutch Admiral broomin' the truck with a wooden leg. An' now I'm on the beach with Old Bill Barnacle!"

Fate it was, and a girl, that lured the star-crossed little coastguard from Barnegat to the sandy shores of Long Island on a spasmodic and, as it turned out, a one-sided mission,—a lure of love, as foreign to his nature as a posy in his pea-jacket.

For the girl had been obdurate, and the surfman's prodigality, followed by the loss of his pocketbook, had left him stranded, a cat in a strange garret, where he cared for nobody—no, not he!—and nobody cared for him. Only, more honest than the Miller of Dee, Welsh made no denial of his dismal state, though he strove to raise his spirits with song.

"I ain't happy. I'm that fellow in the play me an' Milly saw,—I'm on'y beguillin' myself with seemin'. Who'd be happy a hundred miles from Barnegat, in latitude Long Island, longitude Atlantic Ocean. And—Oh, my Aunt Maria! *W'en* I get home! After what's happened with Milly! 'Ome, sweet 'ome! Also Cap

Casco! Likewise the handsome bullies o' Barnegat!"

Welsh broke off, shuddering, in sheer inability to do justice to the appalling prospect that confronted him to the southward. To be crossed in love, even to be broke, was not irremediable. That he shook off as the thick cuticle of an elephant dislodges a fly. But to Little Tom Welsh, who notoriously scouted sentiment, and whose long suit was optimism, odds on, the star-crossed windup of a whirlwind courtship meant sack-cloth and ashes at Ships Bottom Life Saving Station. And—his time limit was nearly up. Soon he'd have to face the music, a time-expired man, strapped and still single.

"Dooty's dooty! I missed this line shot, that's all: it's up to me to take in the slack!" he said mournfully. It was not the first time by long odds that Gunner Welsh had seen the thin, white lifeline fall short, nor was it his way to go below when the stormy winds blow.

BUT just how was he to get back to Ships Bottom from the little fishing village, once a port of whaling ships? He had broken blindly for Fire Island—any place away from the scene of his discomfiture when Milly (a practical young woman) had made it clear that skill at a line gun and reckless prodigality did not necessarily make a good provider.

"You're awful nice, Tom," Milly's laughing eyes bore out the words; but a girl's got to know a man's dependable before she cares enough to leave her folks and go to a strange place with—just him!

Minerva couldn't put it clearer. Just him—a two-forty-a-day shotputter, and no pension in sight even! Little Welsh had never heard of the wise goddess; but he admitted the justice of pretty Miss Milly's position: doubly, trebly, in the light of the subsequent financial cataclysm—carelessness, a hole in his pocket (other than the usual one), thievery—that had piled him up, jettisoned of all his belongings, and with no means, even if he had the wish, of proving his identity and appealing to the brotherhood of surfmen, stationed at three-mile intervals in their aeries on the beach.

"I don't see no way of gettin' back to Barnegat, 'less I lasso a frigate gull and wireless Ships Bottom to stand by with the hurry-up boat. I'd a heap rather go an' be a pirate!"

A thought was vaguely germinating; but the very immensity of his undoing turned Welsh from despair to

trivial matters. An inventory of his pockets produced thirteen cents and a jackknife, also "busted."

"I'm worse off than that windjammer out there. He's some cutup; but he ain't anchored on a fourfold kedge: he's got his sails left to move *him* down coast."

He glanced despairingly at a lean-bowed power schooner that lay at anchor, keel to keel with her own slim hull, riding atop of its glistening reflection on the mirrorlike surface of the sea.

"That's the schooner boat from New England ports that broke off her screw propeller bumpin' in over the bar. Nice sailorizin', that is! B'longs to that black-wiskered Cuban the storekeeper back yonder was yarnin' about."

Recollection of the gossip he had overheard in passing through the village, instinctively homing to the salt sea, brought a growing interest in Welsh's mahogany visage. The strange schooner had come into the offing only that morning; but Fire Island village was inhabited exclusively by ex-sea Captains, curious as a colony of cockatoos. It was a bad port for filibusters or fugitives, smugglers or fish pirates, to clear from.

"Bound south'ard he is, and projecting to meet his mate here, that was going to pilot him down the coast, so them Ancient Mariners says. Now his engine's out o' commission, an' his mate's missin' or ketched; an' the skipper's got to sail her down, an' he can't. Scared o' Rev'noos, seems he is too, like he was smugglin' a new King down to Cuby. He's got more troubles than me, and we're both pressed for time— By Cricky!"

A LAGGARD inspiration suddenly threw the highway of the sea wide open to extricate him from his pressing predicament. Be the black-whiskered skipper a Kingmaker, or merely a mysterious seafarer dodging Revenue supervision for reasons of his own, Fate had piloted the crippled power craft to Fire Island village at the precise psychological moment to facilitate his own return to the safe haven of Barnegat Bay and his mates at Ships Bottom, whom he should never have left to cruise in the troubled waters of courtship. Welsh winced, dismissing the disturbing thought.

"Der'lict, he is. And he wants a sailing master to take him down coast under canvas! Well, here sits that identical old sailor with a wooden leg, waitin' to be took aboard, an' show 'em how to make clipper ship out o' that busted gaspipe boat, and stand all the dog watches

without pay—fur's Barnegat, anyhow. As for him bein' a professional pirate in fear of his life, ain't I a U. S. professional life saver? There ain't much us fellows goes to leeward of, w'en dooty and the country calls. And, judgin' from that there mackerel sky, there's going to be sea water boiling afore the day's much older."

Immersed in his thoughts and the weather, Welsh overlooked the obvious. While he was plotting and planning, others were also laying their snares all unknown to him.

The village of Fire Island was a close community and small, and the advent of a short, thick-set little man—that same being little Tom Welsh, life saver of Barnegat—of melancholy visage, and a faded flower in his buttonhole, created curiosity, cogitation, and finally confirmation (to the black-whiskered schooner master) that the gloomy little man was a pilot who had jumped his job on account of piling up a big liner alongshore, was wanted by the federal authorities, and was last spoken (very uncivilly) down on the waterfront, contemplating suicide as the easiest way out of his troubles; proof positive being that he had recently removed a pilot's badge from the sleeve of his peajacket.

Welsh had left his perch on the dory and stood on the edge of the wharf, the big thought germinating. He did not see a ship's boat that stole out from shore behind him, nor a stealthy, black-whiskered individual who approached on the long wharf, until a clutch on his arm and a guttural voice greeted him.

"You will not waste yourself in the water, no! You will sail on my ship—come south with me—yes?" Plainly the newcomer was agitated. "Till this blow over?" he plucked the blue patch where the mess number should be, the one vanity of Welsh's one incognito a courting.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" Welsh stared at the black whiskers, the flashing teeth, and eloquent hand waved skyward, where the smoldering sun burned in the dusty clouds. He recognized the impetuous schooner master, and he objected to his lack of ceremony. He jerked loose, grabbing at his hat to save it from a sudden gust.

"So that's the way the wind! Ugh!"

Little Welsh glimpsed the lurking boat; but the step backward was his undoing. The rotten dock crumbled, he gasped, and the ocean rose, spilling over him.

"My best clo'es, too!" He dived deep to escape being smashed on the pier. When he shot up his head banged into something still more solid, and Welsh passed chokingly away where girls do not trouble and jilted coastguards are at rest.

HE woke to a vague sense that the wicked were still doing business, and that grinning imps sailed ships on the River Styx. He lay on the lean-bowed schooner's deck, sick, salty, and sorry. And those sooty wind-jammers were going to gibe that fores'l in another second!

"Fall her off, you poll parrots! Hard down your hullum!" His voice came from afar. He struggled up, to face a frantic chattering. From the cabin the Cuban schooner master came running, wagging his piratical beard.

"Ah, my pilot! We squeeze you out! You would not wake! The wind and tide send us to sea. And now you will take charge—not?"

"Oh, you done it, and I wouldn't, and it did—and I will an' I won't, eh?" Welsh rose from his salty pool, ominously calm and dripping. "It was the boat puttin' out for the schooner I hit comin' up. That there pirate pushed me in the drink 'cause he missed his mate—he was bound to get me!" He knew it all now. That touch on the back when he grabbed for his hat was no dream.

The schooner master saw that he knew and dodged. "Drowned, boathooked, and shanghai'd, all in one crack! I'll learn ye to—"

Welsh was still weak on his pins: he missed, and the crew was on him. When the little life saver gave over the struggle he was bundled head first, feet first, into the cabin, the hatch slammed, and, still fighting mad, he sprang to the nearest porthole, growling and rubbing his sore head. Angry he was—and it was funny, too.

"If on'y W'iskers knew how willin' I was to come!" he grinned. "I s'pose he wants to keep me from wig-wagging somebody. Crooked as a ram's horn, he is"—there was no doubt about that now: he conjured up the malevolent yellow eyes—"cunning as a catfish!" And the crew? Monkeys—with knives!

The schooner was booming southward on a following wind and sea, with Fire Island village already far astern. Welsh roused suddenly to a sense of his real position. He didn't care to stay locked in the cabin, with a blow coming on, and he didn't want to go to Cuba.

"We'll pass the lightship pretty soon, holdin' this course and going this gait—and I want to get off at Barnegat. That sneaky skipper's all hunk so long as he's got plenty o' sea room; but he'll need me bad when it blows up, an' he's got to make his coasting. That's what he collared me for. What's the matter with making friends now—soon's I get my bearings?"

A supplemental thought, bred of the wisdom of having an anchor to windward, sent him scurrying round the cabin, broadly grinning. There was a door leading into the lazaretto or after hold, locked and barred, like the one into the forward hold, or engine room, where the gas motor was: useless now, since the schooner had snapped off her screw propeller. But some tools lay on the shaft tunnel, and the little gunfirer was a mechanician—

WELSH came back from his quest with a dancing light in his eye, a scrap of paper, and a stub of pencil. A strange excitement possessed the little life saver, the hand trembled that scribbled a brief note—a warning to his friends at Ships Bottom. Welsh was on

professional duty now, and his face hardened as he thought of the work ahead, determined to carry it through to the bitter end. The note he thrust into the neck of a medicine bottle red labeled "Poison," a fact that made him smile grimly.

"I reckon he'd think so, if he knew w'at's up," he said, suppressing the excitement that shook even his stubborn little frame. "I'll learn Mr. Fox to shanghai folks—an' tie 'em loose right in his own chicken yard! He must a been hard pressed for time to do it."

From the sound on deck they were having trouble with the schooner—"chatterin' an' chivvin' her like a hawk in a henyard. I ain't goin' to have that!" Welsh decided indignantly. The schooner's safety meant everything to him now.

He gave a hasty glance about to see that things were in place, slipping the bottle into the pocket of his peajacket. Tom Welsh was not one to compromise with Fate, neither was he a fool; and, having decided to use diplomacy, he did not care to copper his own game.

"Gov'ment first," said Little Welsh. "If the same line shot fetches the girl, so much the better. On'y I got to hustle to ketch that light. Hi, you, W'iskers! Lemme out!"

The pacifically inclined diplomatist pounded on the hatch, yelling opprobrious names at the schooner master. "All right, Skipper! You win! I'm willing to sign on. Open the door, will ye?"

He had his answer more promptly than he expected. The cover was thrown back, and the hatch filled with chattering brown faces and rolling eyeballs.

"Scared stiff—an' I don't blame 'em!" Welsh growled. As he leaped on deck he saw the cause,—a wall of clouds banked the horizon, bowling out of the east like a vast curtain shot with fire.

"Quick!" the schooner master said, his face a ghastly blue-gray over his black beard. "I can run the ship with motor; but I know not much of sails—and the coast not at all."

"Course you don't! She's rackin' to death!" Welsh shoved him roughly aside. This suited his book better

A COMBINATION IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE

BY FREDERIC VAN RENSSELAER DEY



THE man, grim, relentless, sphinxlike, from long habit, wearing the mask of indifference that many years in the caldron of Wall Street will inevitably bestow, was more greatly perturbed than he would have cared to admit, although he was careful to show no sign of it. The effort to deny to himself that he was moved rendered his smoothly shaved patrician face the harder. It was more remorseless, less responsive, than the girl who confronted him across the barrier of a directors' table had ever seen it; and she was his daughter, the apple of his eye, the one being upon whom he was ever known to smile, the one

thing on earth that he loved. His friends and his enemies in the Street would have said that he loved power more; but he did not, and he knew that he did not. The two were as alike as could be, eliminating years and sex and the scars that a great financier receives, and wears, and grows to gloat upon when he is nearing seventy.

The girl faced him across the solidity of the directors' table. She had been motherless from her birth, and she adored the man who had been mother as well as father to her, who had given her every moment of his time that he could spare from great affairs since she could remember, who had trained her mind as if she had been a son. She was straight, and tall, and lithe, and beautiful, and proud. She was his daughter in every characteristic he possessed, and with many of her own the like of which he had once possessed, but had long ago been smothered in the spume of the financial maelstrom. Her eyes were almost as hard and cold as his own. She was very angry,—silently, remorselessly angry, as he had known himself to be often.

"I wish thoroughly to understand this matter," she said to him quietly. "You have made me perhaps too familiar with your methods in the past. I am so well informed concerning the financial deals that occur in this office, engineered by you and the puppets who serve you, that I suppose I ought to comprehend this one; only I do not. It is a step beyond me. I understand only this much: that you have suddenly discovered that I am a valuable asset. I have been appraised for my money value. Tell me, then, just how much I am worth, regarded as a collateral."

"My dear child," he replied, "you take entirely the wrong view of it. I had no idea that you would regard it as you do. We will dismiss the subject, and manage the deal in another way, or drop it."

"No," she said, "we have gone this far with it; let us finish it. You and three associates propose to buy a certain company that includes several subsidiary companies, like kittens in a basket. You propose to pay a sum that is mentioned vaguely, but which may be a hundred and fifty millions, or three hundred millions, according as I choose to determine. You do this to effect a combination of certain interests that will divert hundreds

than "play acting." The elements had conspired to help him, and he sprang to the wheel. A glance showed him Fire Island lightship dead ahead; big bodied and top-heavy, wallowing at her moorings, as though striving to escape the coming terror in the east.

"Just in time for you, my hearty!" Over the rising wind Welsh roared his orders, the schooner master himself taking a hand in their execution. Under snuggled canvas the little vessel flitted athwart the somber wall cloud, head on for the lightship. Consummate seaman that he was, Welsh was tempted for a moment to lay her alongside; but the time was past when he dared to take chances with his treasure trove, and above all he was loyal to his mates at Ships Bottom. He did not want to leave the ship—not until he reached Barnegat, anyway.

"Cramp her! She'll blanket us!" roared Little Welsh. For a second the schooner hung in the wind, her bowsprit almost spearing the lightship rail. He saw men running, and a cry went up, and a frantic "Ka-hoot!" of the foghorn. Then the schooner fell off, flouting her screwless stern at the grotesque "lamp post of the sea."

Welsh, bawling quick orders, watched his chance. "Haul in the fores'l. Hustle, you fellows! That blow'll hit 'er in a minute—howl an' be hanged to ye!" Under cover of the confusion, his expert hand hurtled the bottle he had taken from his pocket. He heard it splinter on the lightship's deck, and, disdaining assistance, he gripped the wheel in both his sinewy hands, edging the schooner out to meet the coming gale. It was nip and tuck now, with the odds against them. The emergency raised Welsh's spirits, already soaring with secret elation.

"Cuby or Davy Jones—I reckon that'll hold you, my son," he said, apostrophizing the scared and raging schooner master. "Just you wait till your chickens come home to roost!" Welsh's imagination filled in the details gloatingly; for that scrap of paper in the poison bottle carried warning to his mates at Ships Bottom to watch out for the mysterious schooner if she showed her nose within shooting distance of Ships Bot-

Continued on page 17

of millions from the otherwise natural channels into the pockets of four men. The person upon whom the success of this vast transaction depends happens to be a man to whom I have shown some favor in the past, a man—"

"Good Heavens, Lisle! what are you talking about? You were brought up together. You have been like brother and sister all your lives. You know Craig Wentworth better than you know any other man on earth, unless it is your father. He wants to marry you. There has never been a time, since you broke your slate over his head when you were eight years old, that he has cared a fig for another girl, and you know it. He has asked me for you a dozen times, and he has asked you every time he has seen you, hasn't he? Shown him some favor! Well, if you call it showing a man favor to keep him guessing till his hair begins to turn over the temples, you certainly have boomed the market in that respect. Now, Lisle, be sensible. Look at this thing in the right way."

WE are begging the question," she said proudly. "You asked me to come to your office this afternoon at three. You said that you had a business proposition to make to me—"

"That was an unfortunate remark, Lisle."

"It seems to have been a true one. It is a business proposition, isn't it?"

"Decidedly; but there is another view to take of it, too. One may combine business with pleasure."

She shrugged her shoulders almost imperceptibly, and continued from the point of interruption. "When I came here, you said, 'If you will consent to marry Craig Wentworth, and will set a day for the wedding, you can make possible the biggest deal I have undertaken, and make yourself the richest woman in the world at the same time.' Those are your words, are they not?"

"Yes."

"I do not remember that you ever struck me in your life; but a blow in the face, from your hand, would have been much less amazing."

"How was I to know that you would take it so, Lisle?"

"I am your daughter. Would you tamely submit to coercion?"

"But there is no coercion about it. That is utter nonsense. Do you suppose I would have listened to such a suggestion for an instant, if I had not known that you were in love with Craig Wentworth, and—"

"That will do, if you please. You do not know it; for it is not true. Just now I despise him. I want you to reply to two questions that I shall ask, and after that I will give you the answer to your proposition. The first one I have already asked. I will repeat it. Just how much am I worth, regarded as a collateral?" He did not reply, and she added, "Three hundred millions?"

Her father nodded, unmindful of what he did, or how she would choose to regard it. She was worth everything in the world to him, and his passionate wish had always been to merge her future with Craig Wentworth's, just as he had often merged great industries; to capitalize the two, as one, and to give to them a mo-

host, with his rugged, eagle face and his cold, blue, glacier eyes, with always a shimmer of devilment and of humor down in the depths of them. Such is the last picture of them that I have carried away.

It was after supper, in his own sanctum, the room of the pink radiance and the innumerable trophies, that Lord Roxton had something to say to us. From a cupboard he had brought an old cigar box, and this he laid before him on the table.

"There's one thing," said he, "that maybe I should have spoken about before this; but I wanted to know a little more clearly where I was. No use to raise hopes and let them down again. But it's facts, not hopes, with you now. You may remember that day we found the pterodactyl rookery in the swamp—what? Well, somethin' in the lie of the land took my notice. Perhaps it has escaped you; so I will tell you. It was a volcanic vent full of blue clay."

The professors nodded.

"Well, now, in the whole world I've had to do with only one place that was a volcanic vent of blue clay. That was the great DeBeers diamond mine of Kimberley—what? So you see I got diamonds into my head. I rigged up a contraption to hold off those stinking beasts, and I spent a happy day there with a spud. This is what I got."

He opened the cigarbox, and tilting it over he poured about twenty or thirty rough stones, varying from the size of beans to that of chestnuts, on the table.

"Perhaps you think I should have told

you then. Well, so I should; only I knew there are a lot of traps for the unwary, and that stones may be of any size and yet of little value where color and consistency are clean off. Therefore, I brought them back, and on the first day at home I took one round to Spink's, and asked him to have it roughly cut and valued."

He took a pillbox from his pocket, and spilled out of it a beautiful, glittering diamond, one of the finest stones I have ever seen.

"There's the result," said he. "He prices the lot at a minimum of two hundred thousand pounds. Of course it is fair shares between us. I won't hear of anythin' else. Well, Challenger, what will you do with your fifty thousand?"

"If you really persist in your generous view," said the professor, "I should found a private museum, which has long been one of my dreams."

"And you, Summerlee?"

"I should retire from teaching, and so find time for my final classification of the chalk fossils."

"I'll use my own," said Lord Roxton, "in fitting a well formed expedition and having another look at the dear old plateau. As to you, young fellow, you of course will spend yours in gettin' married."

"Not just yet," said I, with a rueful smile. "I think if you will have me that I had rather go with you."

Lord Roxton said nothing; but a brown hand was stretched out to me across the table.

THE END

SHANGHAIING OF LITTLE WELSH

Continued from page 6

tom. She was a Government job now, and he took no chances.

The lightship he knew had a submarine signal connection with the shore, and he had applied to its crew to transmit the message. "If I can on'y bank on them jack-o'-lanterns not to sidetrack my bottle note!" As a loyal life saver he mistrusted the lesser Brothers of the Trinity; but his trade was to take chances. "Lord! won't Cap Casco be surprised w'en he does get my submarine cablegram tellin' him to head me off at sea? Unless those dagoes with knives should be wantin' to see how the wheels go round—" He shrugged his shoulders, squaring himself to face the storm. "Life's a gamble; an' we're all grass— Hang on for your life!" he yelled.

THE blast falling solidly flattened the lean-bodied schooner like a toy ship on the water. Welsh saw the ship had her work cut out for her, to survive the storm—and that's what she'd got to do! Not for the color of his hair alone was Tom Welsh known as the "Fighting Top" of Ships Bottom Life Saving Station. The towering wall, the insane fury of the wind, set the crew in a panic; the black-bearded master cowered in the companionway, glaring at the grim little wheelsman with mingled fear and doubt.

For a second Welsh thought to run for shelter. Only, to leeward was Sandy Hook Harbor—he could almost hear the sound of the surf on the bar—and "Sandy" was a rival life saving station. "Rev'noo cutters too!" he murmured.

The schooner master knew that, if he knew nothing else about the perils of the Jersey coast. While Welsh hung undecided the schooner yawed shoreward. He gave a hoarse cry and half drew a pistol.

"I'll shoot—first sign of treachery!" he said desperately.

"Huh! Couldn't hit a flock o' barns," Welsh grunted. "Ho! It's the Hook!" He glimpsed the cause of the other's alarm, and he eyed it anxiously, a big white motorboat which came snoring offshore, heading to intercept the staggering schooner.

"I knowed it! Them jack-o'-lanterns sent that message slantwise to Sandy Hook, 'stead o' Ships Bottom. Think I been huntin' trouble getting myself shanghai'd for their benefit. Huh! Not while this channel's got thirty million mile o' water! She ain't flyin' the bar flag, nor she ain't a Rev'noo: she's just snoopin'—thinkin' to beat out Ships Bottom! I'll show 'em!"

The skipper's ravings bothered him not at all. But yonder was the Sandy Hook lifeboat overhauling him hand over fist, and for reasons of his own he meant to dodge her, despite the hazardous chance of making Ships Bottom Station safely, far down on the southern horizon. That he would risk. Not for all the wealth of the Indies, West or East, would Welsh desert the schooner now, or let her into rival hands. Obstinate by nature, and stubborn as a Government gun mule, was Little Welsh,—not bad qualities for a storm fighter.

He eased off the wheel, risking the masts

and taking the blast in the schooner's sails till she fairly leaped over the water toward the waiting boat. A cable's length away he swung her back on her course south, taking advantage of a flying start down shore. The tricked lifeboat, bobbing on the swells, dropped astern, while Welsh tongue lashed the surprised skipper to snuggling in the sails.

"I reckon that'll show you who's backin' you up!" he scoffed. "Fine a pair o' rascals we are as ever scuttled ship! Just the same, I'd hate to hear them Sandys talk when they know who dodged 'em an' why!" He chuckled, bracing himself for the work to come. The whirl of events that had so far borne the face of comedy was bowling him into a conflict with the elements and man that called for all his courage and cunning.

HE had scored with the lifeboat; for the maneuver gained him the confidence of the schooner master. There was no more talk of pistols or showing of knives by the crew. The skipper, freed from the present fear, rallied the indomitable little helmsman with face of seasoned oak—scared out by the ocean police, who could catch nothing. If he had only known it, the jocular schooner master was treading on dangerous ground, mined underfoot, as the little coastguard knew.

"Say, what d'ye think I dodged 'em for—who d'ye think I am, anyhow?" Welsh demanded, stung from caution by the other's insinuations.

"You? Why, you are the pilot that pile up the big ocean ship. A fugitive man, desperate, what?"

"E must be a mind reader," Welsh grunted. "She ain't so big at that!" The casual remark gave a new trend to his thoughts. Nothing was too hazardous, if he hoped to forgothar with the Barnegat crew.

He cast his eye over the schooner, mentally figuring on his chances if it came to grips. He knew the rules of the game, and what a miscue meant; and now that his message to Ships Bottom had been diverted and the lifeboat dodged, there was one more danger point to pass.—Bay Head, midway to Ships Bottom. "If they's a Rev'noo at the Head, it's all up with T. W!" he grumbled. "I might ha knowed I couldn't swing a big job like this—all brag an' bluster I am, just like Milly says!"

The thought of the girl nerved him—and all that this sea adventure meant to him. Great Generals profit by misfortune and make their enemies' errors fight for them. Welsh in his way was a great General. "Don't hustle till you have to; then hustle hard," was the way he put it, "for the Girl and the Gov'ment and Ships Bottom an' me!"

The schooner master, deceived by a lull in the storm, went below; and Welsh devoted the interval to brief reminiscences of lightship keepers and a steadily broadening grin, as he listened to the sound of slamming doors and tinkling glass in the cabin below.

"Do your celebratin' now," he said, "while the game's good. My turn's comin'!" A steamer was coming from the south too, and Welsh seized the opportunity to throw the skipper into another panic. It was only a

coastwise liner as he well knew, coming up from Savannah. The two ships came together like torpedoes, and Welsh wondered what all those passenger folk up on deck would say if they could only guess the real inwardness of the potential tragedy that was hurtling him past, a biscuit toss from the palatial floating hotel and safety. The time had come to risk everything on one throw,—girl, Government—

"Tain't a Rev'noo, not this time; but they're behind us and ahead," he sullenly told the schooner master. "They'll ketch us sure as shootin', unless—"

"Unless what?" the black man snapped him up, his yellow eyes glinting first to the north, then south, sweeping the shoreline that lay far over on the lee rail. There was no shadow of question about his not wanting to get pinched!

Welsh clawed over the wheel, ostentatiously working hard to hold the schooner to the blast. "We got to take the inside course. I been through it, an' them Rev'noo boats can't follow in shallow water," Welsh lied boldly. "Anyhow, if they pipe us, they'll just think us a fishing schooner, working south inside the bar, out o' the weather."

THIS was the famous scheme that had been working in the life saver's mind as he fought the gale: it offered the only opportunity open to him. South of that long line of surf shoreward lay Barnegat Inlet, opening into Barnegat Bay. And Ships Bottom lay next to the inlet. If he could swoop down upon that narrow opening at dusk, jerk the schooner through—well, Ships Bottom crew would do the rest. If he failed—"The skipper's gun, or Cuby! Oh, I'll be a pirate then, all right, if the Rev'noo ketches me!"

For a tense moment the eyes of the two men met—in the yellow glare from the black, hairy face Welsh thought of a treacherous big cat ready to spring on his keeper. He braced himself, waiting. The wind whined overhead, and the schooner lurched, drenching the crew, swart faced, under the bulwarks, watching with evil eyes.

"The cutters know we're boring south," Welsh flared out. "We got to run for it or lay up an' be took. It's all up to you!" he snapped.

"You do not like to get in trouble, eh? Well, remember," the schooner master showed his teeth in a snarl, "if you run us into danger, if the revenue police follow us in this bay—"

"It'll be a su'prise party all round if they do. Swing out the fores'l, you Jonahs! Boom her out!" Welsh bellowed. He had to let out the triumph that was in him—and he knew that one false move meant a plunge overboard, or his brains splattered over the deck. Well, the Government paid him for taking chances!

"There's fifty mile o' sand strip inshore, cut through here and there. We'll make the first opening, after we pass the last Rev'noo station; scoot down behind the sand—" Rapidly he outlined his plan, the schooner master moodily silent. Welsh knew what he was weighing in his mind, and his fingers itched to get at the black-bearded throat. "Let him try to jettison cargo!" he growled.

His bluff had worked. That was all he cared for. Knowing what he knew, it meant final triumph over trouble and a welcome home to the conquering hero—if he got there. Of course by this time the alarm was out over the coast, Sandy Hook would see to that. Ships Bottom was probably waiting, with every nerve on the jump, and he had to run the rickets to reach them.

"I'm worth my weight in gold, right where I stand—to me an' everybody!" he grimly chuckled.

He was not out of the woods, by any means; but he trusted to his knowledge of the coast to pull him through. It was a gamble—big enough to stake his life on, in a gale of wind. Mentally, through the whirlwind run that brought him closer and closer to Ships Bottom, he weighed the chances as he stood by the wheel, bawling orders to the crew, the skipper watching him like a hawk, half minded to pounce on the bright-eyed pilot, plotting under his very nose, careless of life or death.

"Keep 'em hustlin'—that's w'at I got to do now. If I could on'y chuck this crooked Cuban down cabin where he had me! He's suspicious of everybody puttin' up jobs, like him. Anyhow, I can jockey her till it's dark, and run her up behind the Gridiron, and then slam bang in. She's snoring through it like a Cunarder right now."

THE schooner, built for motor power, skimmed southward before the gale like a swallow, Welsh making a long slant for the top of Barnegat Bay. To the others the open sea encompassed them; but the practised eye of the coastguard caught a flickering spot on the distant shoreline. Bay



Even in Hot Weather Nestlé's Babies Gain

Nestlé babies don't suffer from the heat like babies that are fed on cows' milk.

That is because Nestlé's is so easy to digest that it never causes any of the stomach troubles which rob a baby of the strength it needs to fight hot weather and baby ills. The nervousness and irritability that many babies show in summer are not due to the heat alone. Cows' milk gives many babies indigestion, causing fretfulness which many mothers mistake for temper.

Nestlé's Food

agrees with your baby in summer because it contains cows' milk so modified or changed that it is easy for your baby to retain and digest.

Since it does not require the addition of cows' milk, it removes all the trouble caused by the souring milk in summer. It removes every danger of children's epidemics, that may be carried by cows' milk in hot weather.

Nestlé's Food is made from the pure, rich milk of healthy cows, which is regularly inspected at the Nestlé Dairies. It comes in powdered form and requires only the addition of water and two minutes' boiling to make it the nearest thing to mother's milk your baby can have.

Feed your baby Nestlé's twelve times before you buy it. Let us send you our large-size trial can of twelve feedings and our booklet, "Infant Feeding and Hygiene," which is a book much used by doctors and nurses, as well as mothers.

Write us today.
HENRI NESTLÉ
61 Chambers Street
New York





For a real bath use Lifebuoy

Millions of active, energetic people think Lifebuoy is the only soap worth using.

It does more than ordinary soaps can possibly do. It cleanses thoroughly, purifies, actually kills all odor of perspiration.

It produces a gloriously radiant skin—the very picture of health.

Use it just once, notice its effect and the Lifebuoy habit will win you.

Lifebuoy is made of pure cocoanut and red palm oils and contains a mild carbolated solution, making it antiseptic.

"It's the soap with the clean smell."

LIFEBUOY

HEALTH SOAP



(Carbolated) For Toilet, Bath and Shampoo

At your druggist's or grocer's. If he hasn't it, send 5c (stamps or coin) for a full size cake, to LEVER BROS. CO., Dept. 14, Cambridge, Mass.

"Mum"

preserves the after-bath sweetness of the body through the hottest day
neutralizes all
odor of perspiration
by acting on the perspiration, not on the glands.
Cannot harm skin or clothes.

25c at drug- and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum", send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' Oh, something new—THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

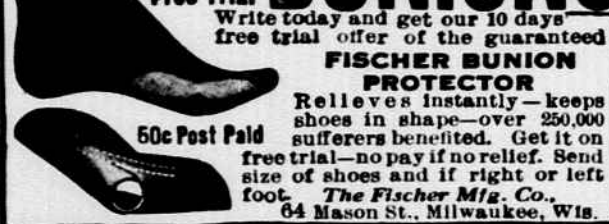
"THE MORLEY PHONE
FOR THE DEAF"

made low sounds and whispers plainly heard. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it. Over one

hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials. THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 761, Perry Bldg., Phila.

Quick Relief for
Sufferers from

BUNIONS



10 Days' Free Trial
Write today and get our 10 days' free trial offer of the guaranteed
FISCHER BUNION
PROTECTOR
Relieves instantly—keeps shoes in shape—over 250,000 sufferers benefited. Get it on free trial—no pay if no relief. Send size of shoes and if right or left foot. The Fischer Mfg. Co., 64 Mason St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Head! And no sign of a revenue cutter's smoke! The dot melted, and a low bluff showed down shore. Behind that distant sand dune lay Ships Bottom Life Saving Station, on the hither side of the inlet he was aiming for, a mere swordcut through the sandy breakwater into Barnegat Bay. Already he saw, or sensed, the foam floating over the submerged reef of Ships Bottom,—the dangerous Gridiron Rocks that the station guarded. On the racing schooner an ominous silence lay, the skipper alert, black as the following thunderheads, the swart-faced crew watching evilly, Welsh grimly smiling at the wheel.

In the seaward turmoil the red moon balanced like an Edam cheese slashed with soot. Shoreward the creaming surf was cut by a hurrying streak, the inlet to Barnegat Bay. On the adjacent sandhill a big man lay sprawled out, with night glasses. Down shore other men clustered round a big white boat.

"She's the hooker, an' it's Welshy. I knowed he'd break for us," a big voice boomed down. "She ain't saw the gunboat yet. We got to jump her quick, afore they stretch him."

Little Welsh could not see them; but he knew that Big Jem Casco and the crew of Ships Bottom were laying for him at the inlet. And he knew why they were not off shore. The scene was set! And he was the star actor!

Anxiously jockeying, luffing the schooner, and racing her out of the smother, killing time with a seaman's science, praying like another General for dark, with the black-browed master watching and the crew crawling aft, the schooner bowed down upon the long line of white footlights. Dead ahead the channel boiled, between the beach and Gridiron Reef; booming its minute gun now in warning. For a hundred yards those sunken rocks barred the inlet either way. It was now or never! Lose all or gain all!

SHE b'longs to the Gov'ment—an' us! I'll stick to her till—" Little Welsh gripped the wheel, gritting his teeth.

A cry and a startled form leaping on the hatch seemed the signal for a rush of action. "The gunboat!"

"I knowed it! I knowed the Rev'noos was out, w'en Ships Bottom wasn't waitin'." Welsh's wail capped the skipper's cry, rising high over the gale. He saw over the starboard quarter a black shape hounding them from the sea, swinging with fiery eyes for the channel. A light flashed up and down, settling on the scared faces.

"I knowed they'd guess it! The whole coast's in on the handicap! If them Rev'noos gets aboard first, our goose is cooked! There's Cap Casco—crazy lunny!"

A snarling squall outsped the storm, illuminating a huge form dancing on the sands, harking him in. He glimpsed the lifeboat and tumbling men, and the coastguard station with its barred flag—"All ready to take charge—in the name o' the Gov'ment!"

Savagely he flung over the wheel, reckless of the schooner's masts and his own peril. But the match was set to the gunpowder,—the red murk shriven of drapery that hid the ambush. Over the windward rail the Gridiron boomed a requiem. Welsh struggled for the inlet.

"You have tr-tricked us! I will pay you, whatever comes! Betrayed!"

HE had forgotten the schooner master.

For a space the whole after deck seemed to rise up and smite him, fighting, cursing men bearing him down. Breathless and blinded, he was flung from the wheel, sharp

pains shooting through him. Welsh was a fighter; but no match for the whole crew of the schooner, armed with knives. The black-bearded man fought with his own crew to reach him with his pistol. The schooner swooped out of control, and the kicking wheel cleared the deck for an instant. Welsh, winded as he was, fought to reach it first—he saw what another minute would mean.

"Ye idjits! Ye'll bust her on the rocks! They're fore an' aft of you, under water. You can't run for it, I tell you—an' you can't go in now!"

It was too late. Forced back by the fighting crowd, he was jammed against the rail, only the weight of the men saving him from the knives. Striking out with both hands, he saw the lifeboat coming, lifted high on the rollers of the inlet. The schooner, forced seaward, swooped away like a scared gull, slanting toward the hidden reef. One long leap she made, high over the rocky barrier, then struck, with the boom of a big gun over the surf. Fighter and fighters sprawled over the deck, appalled by the smashing of spars and the grinding and screaming of the tortured hull.

"I knowed you do it! Didn't I tell ye?"

Welsh scrambled up, clambering to the rail, where he climbed into the main shrouds. "Ye've piled her on the rocks, you chuckle-headed gun runners!" he snarled back at them. "I could a fetched her home whole, an' now we got to save the pieces! Jump her, Bullies!" he roared to the Ships Bottom crew, leading the revenue cutter by a dozen lengths. The police boat was hopelessly plowing down the channel, rolling the water before her; but the lifeboat was nearly aboard, the bowmen ready to jump. Hanging to the shrouds, contemptuous of the hideous turmoil forward and on deck, Little Welsh swung a comprehensive arm schoonerward.

"She's full o' guns!" he shouted. "She's a filibuster, an' I found 'em, and she's ours! I kidnapped her all by my lonesome!"

COURSE, I didn't know for sure what company I was in; but I did know I didn't want to stay for the whole cruise," Little Welsh said later, when there was more time for details.

He stood on the platform of Barnegat railroad station, well groomed, dapper, and with a fresh flower in his buttonhole. Captain Casco and the revenue officer were with him.

"It was when I was mousing around for a bottle to send my submarine cable in, I found them guns—cabinhold and lazaret stacked up full of 'em. Nat'rally, w'en I tumbled what she was, I wasn't lettin' that prize get away. I was representin' the Gov'ment; so the on'y way I seen for it was to run her down to Ships Bottom and bang her through the inlet and right into the arms of the han'some bullies o' Barnegat."

"Struck oil all around, didn't you?" the revenue man said enviously. "Considering that schooner fellow is the prize filibuster the Government offered the big reward for, there'll be pickings for you when they see how she cuts up. Lading's all right, anyhow."

Welsh knew that. That was why he was going back again to the sandy shores of Long Island on extension of leave.

"Say, Welshy," Captain Casco asked as the train chugged in, "just how did you come to get here aboard that hooker?"

Little Tom Welsh grinned; he was having plenty of practice in that. "I was a orphan, an' I took him in," he said. "The black-wiskered pirate shanghai'd me home."

THE NEW CAMPAIGNING

Continued from page 4

rangements. Two or three wild spirits alone applauded as the silhouette rose on a chair and waved its arms. At last the right arm rose, paused, and fell. The introductory speech was over, and the crowd grew quiet to listen if it could not see. It listened patiently to three speeches, and then yelled, "Teddy, Teddy! Where is Teddy?" There was a pause, and at last, in response to the insistent call, a fifth silhouette rose on the chair. The audience went crazy for ten minutes, and then in the silence that followed every inflection of the candidate brought applause, every pause for breath, cheers.

It was not until the campaign was over that the audience knew that the same speech was delivered that night twice to the same audience from the same platform by the same man; for the first speaker to whom they did not listen was the same as the last one they cheered—Theodore Roosevelt.

NOWADAYS, instead of the mammoth outdoor mass meeting, the crowd is distributed among two or three simultaneous meetings held under cover, the lead-

ing speakers being escorted from one to the other—from the Academy of Music to the Rink and the Wigwam—in automobiles, and the audiences kept in good humor during the interval of waiting by lesser luminaries of local fame. It may not make such impressive reading as an account of one monster demonstration for the candidate; but three times as many people have heard something as would have been the case had the overworked vocal cords of the speaker been forced into competition with city traffic and the holiday unrest of "all outdoors."

Spellbinding de luxe is, of course, reached in the special train tour in which the candidates themselves and the political headlines are indulged. They must be very "big guns" to be thus put into the field, since the expense of this exclusive form of railroad transportation, now that the Railway Rate Bill has mercilessly amputated all passes and concessions, averages about three hundred dollars a day. These cars, equipped with a full complement of speakers, stenographers, press correspondents, literature dis-

tributors, are routed the same as a theatrical troupe; an advance man marking the itinerary and looking after local details, so that an expectant audience is waiting when the car is stopped and the "star" begins his much gesticulated exposition from the back platform. In this way often one hundred meetings are addressed between Monday morning and Saturday night.

The effort to combine in a five-minute talk thought and expression in striking and convincing form, to suit with plan and style of speech the everchanging character of the audiences, has developed a new note in the campaign oratory of even the "stars." Thrilling rhetorical appeal and sermonic exhortation have given way to a terminology emphatic to roughness, which causes the sentences to carry the extreme of meaning to the average ear. An alleged misstatement is a "lie," while "Bet your lives!"—"Dead sure!"—"You'll vote right because you're built that way!" are appearing again and again in the present campaign.

But if unavoidably fragmentary and colloquial, the speech from the traveling rostrum has evolved pregnant phrase and logical brevity. The statements, "When the dinner pail is empty, it is a serious business," and "When a trust closes a factory, it does not invite a President to be present at the closing," have imparted a pungent turn to the views of special-train orators, and we find Mr. Bryan prophesying in compact eloquence, "An industrial despotism that compels millions of people to get on their knees and pray to the trusts, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" Under the necessity for rapid-fire argument, the speaker learns to express his contention in the form of a series of questions that, arranged in syllogistic order and implying in themselves the answer, lead to an apparent *reductio ad absurdum*. For instance, better than an hour's magnetic oratory has proved the terse summary, "If the trusts are good, why are they denounced; if they are bad, why are they more permitted to organize; if some are good and some are bad, can you tell me the difference?"

BUT, effective factor as the candidate himself on the stump has become,—aligned on a question of personality rather than political creed, as we may seem to the foreigner,—his appearance there is always precarious to the chances of his cause; for the early injunction that it behooves candidates "to watch their mouths lest they put their foot in them" still holds good.

Likewise with the custom of saving oratorical ammunition from the Senate and Cabinet for an awful detonation at the close of the campaign. Sometimes the distinguished spellbinder, under the more or less subduing circumstance of finding that his national reputation has not preceded him, confines himself to ponderous remarks from notes; but more often, when the party flag is up and the party drum calls for the lock step, he exhibits himself as a savage partizan preaching on the text attributed to Horace Greeley, that every horsethief is a member of the opposite party, or, as he himself would say, finds himself making it hot enough to suit "all the boys in the trenches." With a few brilliant exceptions, these "big guns" are guns of percussion rather than precision. The statesman may be master of forensic arts; but as a campaigner he is likely to be too anxious to preserve his relative importance in the picture.

"Politics is a continuous performance, you see," once remarked a thin-lipped philosopher whose watch chain and bunchy seal ring were favorite marks for the political cartoonist. "I'm really sorry for the amateurs. They do their turn a sight better than some of the boys; but they want to climb down and see the show awhile. And that ain't according to the game." Or, as the theatrical manager's maxim runs, "The worst professional is better than the best amateur." And the professional spellbinder would seem to have been dictated by some such sense of the shrewd.

It is said that Senator Hanna once expressed himself in prophecy to the effect that the steady growth of the campaign fund would soon require the organization by each national committee of a bank or trust company, and it is interesting to note that in time's whirligig it has been the curtailment of campaign funds that leads to the installation of business methods in national headquarters.

The marvelous feature of the monstrous mechanism of present-day campaigning, a point before which older practitioners of the art stand nonplussed, is that in a week after the polls are closed all the bills are paid. In 1888 the Republican headquarters collapsed with a debt of a million and a half, approximately the sum handled by the Republican national committee in the 1908 election, which left no deficit, but a small sinking fund.